VOLUME LV CHICAGO, JULY 20, 1905. NUMBER 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

A fairy has found a new fern!
A lovely surprise of the May!
She stamps her wee foot, looks uncommonly stern,
And keeps other fairies at bay.

She watches it flourish and grow—
What exquisite pleasure is hers!
She kisses it, strokes it and fondles it so—
I almost believe that she purrs!

Of all the most beautiful things,
None brighter than this, I discern,
To be a young fairy with glittering wings,
And then—to discover a fern!

"A."

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The Tower Hill Summer School

July 15--August 20, 1905

Religions of the Elder World
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Hindu Epics . . . . ANNE B. MITCHELL

Making an Anthology of English Poetry
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Birds and Hunting With a Camera
REV. RETT E. OLMSTEAD

Insect Life on the Hill . . T. LLOYD JONES

Ferns and Flowers . . ROSALIA HATHERELL

FOR TERMS, BOARD, &c.,

Address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN
SPRING GREEN WISCONSIN

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905. NUMBER 21

I have a stake in every star,
In every beam that fills the day;
And hearts of men my coffers are,
My ores arterial tides convey;
The fields, the skies,
The sweet replies
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust,—
The oaks, the brooks,
And speaking looks
Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.
—*David Atwood Wasson in "All's Well."*

With all the talk of the decline of the pulpit and the degeneracy of the ministry, it is interesting to note that "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," a story written by an active minister, pastor of a Boston church, was among the six best selling books for children as reported by the *Bookman*.

The *Cambrian* speaks of the maintenance of the established church in Wales as an attempt to "keep its shadow while the substance is almost gone. It has been in a state of slow consumption for the last two centuries; its only support is English Toryism. The church will disappear as a national and political establishment with the defeat of Toryism, and Christ's religion will be greatly benefited thereby."

The *Public* for July first in one of its virile editorials has high words of praise for the recent baccalaureate of President Hadley, of Yale. It well says that when President Hadley urged the governing of life by principle rather than by rule, though it bring defeats and misunderstandings, "there was in that baccalaureate address more human, civic and religious vitality than there could be in the whole college course without it." To all of which UNITY responds with a hearty "Amen."

Sir Lewis Morris has been saying that high living and low thinking is the menace of English and American life today. "The poor classes are getting into the ways of the rich. Everybody gets wasteful. The poor collier wants to compete with Rockefeller as far as his means go. Gigantic wealth heaps are found alongside of deep puddles of corruption and squalor. Nature works exceedingly slow but sure; she may take centuries to undo drunken Britain and corrupt America, but it will surely do that unless they repent."

The *Living Church*, the organ of the Protestant Episcopal church, is still "after" Dr. Heber Newton. The "organ" apparently doubts the legitimacy of Dr. Newton's Episcopalianism and Brother Newton with apparently equal clearness doubts the right of the "organ" to decide upon his orthodoxy. We entirely sympathize with both. We are afraid that our friend and co-worker is rather a poor short meter Episcopalian, but he belongs to the long meter church, which long measure summons Episcopalianism, not Dr. Newton, to trial.

The municipality of Paris spends two hundred thousand dollars annually in furnishing free lunches to the school children. In Zurich the whole cost is borne by the city, and some Italian cities are reported as furnishing noon lunches to all the school children, as much a part of the daily routine as physical exercise or lessons in geography, and rich and poor alike partake. America has not said the last word, much less done the last thing in the interest of popular education, which education alone will save the nation. It little avails what perfection is attained in *select* schools; the brain as well as the brawn of the nation must be developed by the *common* schools, and what all the people of it enjoy together will never pauperize anyone, but will tend to enrich everyone.

The *Cambrian* for June asks the pertinent question, "How is the Welsh revival to be turned to the permanent advantage of the Welsh spirit?" It says that "the Welshman enjoys religious practice above all others. The great trouble is to get him interested in things pertaining to the active duties of this life. * * * For ages Kymro has been so forgetful of this present life that the Englishman has encroached on him in all the avenues of secular life. * * * The remedy is to have the Welshman apply his love of religion to improve the world around him and himself also in multifarious senses that his religion may not become mere religiosity." This comment is to be commended to many people far beyond the limits of the little principality of Wales.

In the death of Dr. Orello Cone, Professor of Biblical Theology of St. Lawrence University, the Universalist denomination has lost its foremost scholar, Biblical scholarship a clear, earnest, honest, searching, masterful student. Like the true scholar he was, Dr. Cone was modest, diligent, unobtrusive. As whilom Pastor and President of Buchtel College, he had the limitations of his power. His home was in the study; his realm was among his books; here he served his day and generation well. He belonged to that battalion in the army of progress least honored in its day, but whose contributions to the ages are certain and profound. His books on Gospel Criticism, Paul, the Man,

the Missionary and the Teacher, a volume in the series of international handbooks on the New Testament, are books necessary to the shelves of every Bible student and minister of religion. When leisure afforded, Dr. Cone's pen was ever at the service of UNITY, as many of our readers will gratefully remember. He went to his rest on the 23rd ult. in the seventieth year of his age. A ripened sheaf was that day gathered into the granaries of the Lord.

"Summer Vesper Sermons" is the significant title of a department which Lyman Abbott proposes to contribute to the *Outlook* during the vacation weeks. His particular contributions are the substance of short chapel talks once given to the students of Harvard. Whether these or other readings serve, the need as well as the opportunity for those who are "off on their vacations," together or singly, out of doors or in doors, for a Sunday evening uplift by the help of hymn, poem, Bible text and sermon talk, may well be urged. It behooves all seekers after rest to beware lest their vacation becomes vacuity and the fatigue of work be misplaced by the still more painful and disastrous fatigue of indolence. The spirit needs exercise as well as the body; the mind as well as the muscle grows flabby by inaction. These hygienic commonplaces are as true in the months of July and August as in the months of December and January.

We would like to extend the reading of the brevity in the *Congregationalist* that tells how the President of Brown University, Dr. Faunce, has "rebuked the tendency to erect elaborate, costly fraternity houses" and the ivy orator of the University of Wisconsin deplored the increasing tendency there "to set up an aristocracy of rich students." These admonitions are none the less timely because the growth of this aristocracy is based not on a vicious theory but upon indulgent practices. Democracy as a theory is the accepted philosophy of the schools. Many of the occupants of these same luxurious fraternity houses and the patrons of the costly amusements and functions are enthusiastic single taxers, bright interpreters of socialism or its equivalents. They talk glibly of "social betterments;" indeed they justify their fraternities by specious arguments for brotherhood. All the while their needs grow more and more exorbitant and their demand for money is increasing. There is nothing more sad to the social philosopher than to hear the beribboned and bejeweled exploit the simple life and to find the advocates of an education for all commercializing all the avenues of culture and blocking the road to the better education with money, money, money, and still more money, so that the sensitive, ambitious boy or girl is compelled to tearfully confess, "I had rather not go to school unless I can go and do something as the others do and bear my share in the expenses." The heroes and the heroines of today are those who graduate with the economic habits of their parents unviolated, their bills all paid. The girl who can wear a calico dress or its equivalent at the university, and the boy who dares graduate without owning or hiring swallow tails, are the highest advocates of democracy in these days.

The Higher Exchanges.

A country newspaper published one hundred and eighty miles from Chicago, gives interesting particulars of the visit of fifty city children who were to be for two weeks the free guests in a dozen or more adjoining farm homes. The names of the entertainers were published and some hints of the method of entertainment suggested.

"Charity" is a suspected word in these days. It is too easy an escape for conscience from the glaring injustices of our time. Too many men and women console themselves by the *giving* of what is scarcely their own to those whose *claims* are as yet unhonored and unmet. But of all the modern charities there can scarcely be named one which carries more benignancy than this that brings the children whose lives are imprisoned within the hot confines of the city tenement on the side street into the free open air, the great out-of-doors of the country, to give to their palates a zest for fresh milk and vegetables, appealing to appetites whetted by new sights and pure air. It is indeed a great *kindness* to the little ones from the city, but it is hardly a *charity* on the part of the entertaining farmer folk. The little ones give as much as they get. They are a contribution to the intellectual as well as the emotional side of the community which they visit. They are suggestive object lessons in sociology. It is an honorable exchange by which both parties are benefited.

This higher exchange of the mid-summer time ought not to be confined to city waifs. It is a pity that the commercializing tendency of our times should interfere with if not wholly defeat these higher exchanges. The city boarder who seeks to get as much as possible for as little money as possible, and the farmer and his wife who convert their home into a summer boarding house in order to turn as many honest pennies as possible, are both in danger of missing the higher exchange. The city residents who carry into the country big trunks full of dainty dresses and who spend much of their time in preening and prinking for each other's delectation and in frantic wrestlings with laundry problems had better stay in the city. And the country farmer and his wife who must dance attendance upon the imperious selfishness of inconsiderate city boarders who are prone to think that country people are indifferent to the amenities and civilities of life, earn all they get and find themselves wearied if not impoverished at the end of the season. What city people need in the country is not as much city life and luxury as they can buy, but as much of country life and custom and manners as they can absorb.

There are high exchanges possible in mid-summer time, but most of these exchanges are interfered with if not defeated by the money-spender and the money-seeker. The best things that the country has to give cannot be bought with money, but are freely given in

exchange for their spiritual equivalents.

The city capitalist who flatters himself that he has a "country home" when he has built by lake side or on mountain slope a mansion equipped with "all the modern improvements," including the butler as well as the butler's pantry, the coachman as well as the coach-house, need not be surprised if at the end of the season his wife has not been benefited by their country residence as much as he expected or as much as the doctor promised. He, like the snail, has carried his city house on his back and can never escape its burdens. When this mansion is builded he still must needs go in search of a country home, and he will not find it until he finds the house that is not an establishment, a home that does not demand a retinue of servants to keep it in order, where perchance the one servant suffices. All the more renewing will this country home be if the man must harness his own horse, renew his ability to milk his own cow, or at least learn how to make a supper out of the bowl of bread and milk set before him by his own wife's hand. For country life means not simply isolation in space, but an escape from the complications and excitements of urban life.

On the other hand, the farmer's family gets but little that is valuable from his city visitors in summer time if they get only gossip of city life, hints of city fashions, suggestions of styles in millinery and dress making and an infection of the social restlessness and ambitions that disturb and weaken our schools, our churches and our homes whether they be urban, suburban or rural.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

Once more we have escaped from the whirl and roar of the fuming city to find ourselves in the peace of the hills. No one can know the joy of the return who has not experienced the pain of departing, and on that account if no other we must needs be grateful for our ten busy months in the city, the necessary condition of coming back to our summer rest and joy. Human friends may fail us, grow old or changed, but our river greets us summer after summer with the same glad but solemn joy. The critics may scoff if they like at the "pathetic fallacy" of ascribing emotion to what they choose to call inanimate nature, but for us indeed "the little hills clap their hands for joy." I was never so glad before that they are the "everlasting hills." The yearly wonder is that these scenes are so unchanged. We thought we remembered, but now we know we must have forgotten, or whence the surprise that fills the heart and sometimes rises

"As high, almost, as to the eyes?"

It is surely the same robin that with his "cheery, dearie, dearie, cheery" fills the morning hours. A piece of a "robin's egg blue" shell in his last year's nest proves something, surely, though just what it would be hard to say were it not for a chance May visitor who reported a tragedy. The harebells are faithful to their wonted blue. The little pines along the tent path have grown "a head taller," and the taller ones among them have climbed from little girlhood with short round skirts to maidenhood, demure with the sweet dignity befitting their years, but to our hearts they, too, are unchanged. It is hard to believe it is not the same whip-poor-will with ever-recurring magic note or the same wood-thrush with his plaintive "pee-o-ree" at sunset, or the more cheerful modification of the same note with which he greets the dawn.

Another cottage has been built this year on Tower Hill, and on the eve of the Fourth of July the Hill dwellers gathered at twilight to follow the Tower Hill custom and dedicate the new home to home uses and the serenity of the higher life. These cottage dedications have much in common, but little of sameness. In none of them do we fail to reach upward and outward toward the Nature in whose heart we are imbedded or inward toward the sanctities of the home, nor, in a program so spontaneous, could the individuality of the home-maker fail to make itself felt. On this occasion there was a triple suggestion which wove itself into the service—the German roots of the home-makers, their Jewish inheritance, and the Fourth of July significance. The German ancestry found expression in the name of the cottage,—Waldesruh,—Forest Rest. The Jewish strain was commemorated in the poem "Gifts," by Emma Lazarus, read by the leader. The Egyptian prayed for wealth, the poem said, the Greek for beauty, the Roman for power, but

"'O God-head, give me Truth,'" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted. He became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth and power
Seek him today and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour,
Immortal through the lamp within his hand."

In remembrance of the national holiday, the cottage interior was tastefully decorated with American flags, and a handsome specimen of the "Red, white and blue" was presented by one of the guests in a fitting speech in which she referred to this cottage-building as a "declaration, not of independence, but of dependence," in which coöperation and mutual helpfulness were declared for and promised. The leader skillfully wove the three thoughts into one strand and with the help of the company evolved a harmonious service.

No guest may presume to come to one of these dedications without bringing his own contribution. A few of these were caught on the wing, and we make room for them here. In the minds of most the Nature thought was uppermost. Perhaps the invitation card was responsible for this, for it bore these lines:

"And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

In a like spirit in lines from Longfellow:

"Only God's love and his remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song."

Another brought a lesson from E. R. Sill:

"'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
Thy quest is found,
Be still and listen,
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.

"Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching
Will peace draw near.
Rest with palms folded,
Rest with thine eyelids fallen,
Lo! peace is here."

And still another came with the courage of originality:

"No poesy I bring, no sentiment divine.
It is a simple thing, this thought of mine.

As the wild verdant things about your cottage climb
And high and higher mount, so may your lives sublime
Find new significance in nature's store
That giving most of joy finds joy the more."

While the yelling chorus, inspired by the invitation, contributed the following lines as an antidote to the possible too much seriousness of the occasion:

"Zis—boom—wah—hoo
O Wal—des—ruh!
They built their cottage high
To escape the public haunt,
For the trees and birds and sky
Preach all sermons that they want.

"Take a hint, O fellow-strangers,
From the lesson on the card
And beware the deep hard sermons
From the stones in their backyard."

A dedication service prepared for a previous occasion was read responsively by Pastor and people, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians was repeated from the memory of the guests, a fitting invocation was given by the Pastor, and simple refreshments made the social occasion complete. We sang "America," as we should on the Fourth of July eve, and went home in gay procession with lighted lanterns, singing "Home, Sweet Home," as we went down the Hill.

The home of Helen and Irwin Rosenfels had been dedicated "to the love of Nature, to rest of body and soul, to communion of the inner life." May there be more helpfulness, more faith, more hope, more love, more courage, more joy in the world because another home has been built and consecrated with the simple and spontaneous but high and earnest dedication words of Tower Hill.

Sunday, July 9, was a day of perfect rest and quiet, the only public exercise being that of the vesper reading in the Emerson pavilion at the sunset hour. The leader took advantage of the occasion to say a memorial word for John Hay and to read a few of his poems, including "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," the basis of his early popularity, and "Liberty," "Thy Will Be Done," and "Stirrup-cup," fruits of his maturer years, and, to our thinking, embodiments of higher ideals than the imperialistic policy of his last years of public service.

We repeated the twenty-third Psalm responsively, then sang "Nearer, My God to Thee," and were dismissed while the after-glow still lingered in sky and river. The whip-poor-will added his benediction and closed the week, which on Tower Hill always seems to end with the spiritual climax and uplift of the Vesper Hour.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, July 11, 1905.

The mind
That gives itself to follow shows of sense,
Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away,
And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives
To wreck and death. Only with him
Whose senses are not swayed by things of sense—
Only with him who holds his mastery,
Shows wisdom perfect. What is midnight gloom
To unenlightened souls shines wakeful day
To his clear gaze; what seems as wakeful day
Is known for night, thick night of ignorance,
To his true seeing eyes. Such is the Saint.

—*The Indian Messenger, from the Bagavad Ghita.*

"The franchise was corruptly purchased," whispered Rumor.

The church people shuddered perfunctorily and went their ways.

"The session of the legislature at which the franchise was passed," persisted Rumor, "was not opened with prayer."

The church people stood aghast.

"A blasphemy!" they exclaimed in horror, and rose to a man, and carried the election for the opposition ticket.

—*From Fellowship.*

THE PULPIT.

The Sermon of the Organ.*

DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES TO ALL SOULS CHURCH, AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 21, 1905.

Judging by myself, I am inclined to think that, of the many dedications which this many-handed and many-minded Abraham Lincoln Centre calls for, there is, perhaps, none to which we shall bring more stolidity, ignorance, and consequent lack of appreciation, than to the dedication of the organ now in process of installation. Feeling this, I have been busy, in the cracks of time granted me by the many attractions and distractions now upon us, watching the building up of this instrument and reinforcing my observation with such studies as time and circumstances permitted. Believing that my needs are your needs, I will try to bring to you some of the results of my observation and reading and some of the thoughts and emotions awakened thereby.

In this commercial age there is nothing so imposing as "figures," nothing so convincing, presumably, as what the business man calls "facts." Later along I hope to show that the most interesting things concerning this organ, whose tones we await with eager interest, escape the figures, and the most potent facts involved are apt to be omitted from our "fact" column.

But let us start with the "figures and facts," furnished me through the courtesy of the builders, Mr. Verney and his associates. This instrument, now hid behind the spindle work above, is not a large one. Judging by its companions in this city, it is of but medium size. The neighboring organs will outnumber its pipes and over-match its keys. But here in this medium organ we have 1,158 pipes, the smallest one but three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and having a speaking length of only half an inch; the largest one sixteen feet long, fourteen and one-half by sixteen inches square. The heaviest of these pipes weighs 200 pounds; the smallest less than one ounce. Each pipe carries with it nine perfectly seated valves, making a total of 10,422. The construction contains 2,000 feet of pine lumber of exquisite fineness and one hundred and fifty-two keys. The approximate number of pieces in this organ reaches the astounding number of 63,182. The average distance of the pipes above, the source of the music, from the keyboard below, and the spiritual source without which the organ would forever remain dumb, is fifty-two feet and every valve is opened by a puff of air fed out from the consol. This necessitates 8,758 feet of composition metal tubing, or about one and three-fourths miles of this interesting wind-way. Twenty-seven sheep yielded up their lives to furnish the skins, alum tanned, used in setting the valves and making the bellows set. Of the materials used, the builder furnishes me the following list: Ivory, ebony, pine, oak, maple, basswood, steel, iron, zinc, copper, lead, brass, block tin, leather, felt, cotton, linen, glue, varnish, hard fiber, paper, paint, and a tanned gut made in Germany,

*The new pipe organ of the Abraham Lincoln Centre had a double dedication, the first in the shape of a preparatory sermon by Mr. Jones, delivered May 21, after the interesting complexity was in place. but before its voice was heard. The second was an organ recital at which an interesting musical program was rendered by Arthur Dunham, organist of Sinai Temple, with vocal numbers by Albert Borroff and Miss Jennie Johnson. The literary part came in the way of a letter from Mr. Jones, who was necessarily absent, some remarks by William Kent, who substituted as presiding officer, and the reading by Mr. Kent of selections from Longfellow's "The Arsenal at Springfield" and Kipling's "True Thomas." We print above the sermon, some portion of the letters, and Mr. Kent's address.

known as "zephyr." Here you have the raw material for a poem, paragraphs, each of them, for a sermon, arguments that would break down the hardest lines of social caste and creed and remove all barriers between capital and labor, aristocracy and democracy. Here is a call for another Walt Whitman to sing the Song of the Organ, to follow the ivory to the African jungle, the ebony to tropic seas, the pine to northern Wisconsin, the oak, maple and basswood perchance to Indiana or Kentucky; the zinc, to where? the copper came from Lake Superior; lead from Missouri; block tin from Wales. Where is the farmer boy who played with the lambs and the father who fed the sheep that gave the skins to complete our organ? Who compounded the brass; who can trace the cotton and linen to their sources, or tell the mystery of felt, glue, varnish, paper, paint, and that elusive, tantalizing thing with an airy name, the German tanned gut which commerce knows as "zephyr?" And the hard fiber—what of it? Who made it?

This is but the organ in its rawest, coldest materialism. Go but one remove from the thing; can we find the last hands on the product? The time was and perhaps is now when the conventional musician admitted no organ to the front rank unless it comes from the workshop of Boston, Baltimore, or perchance Buffalo or Erie. But our organ was largely shaped out on the Iowa prairies. Mason City means but little to this audience but the title of a western town on some railroad in some county, which may be of some interest to the cousins, uncles, aunts, of the people who may live there; but hereafter Mason City should to us be promptly interpreted in terms of music; it should awaken organ memories: "Old Hundred," "Bethany," "Amsterdam," "America,"—on up to the great symphonies and oratorios are henceforth to be related to Mason City, Iowa. Carpenters and cabinet makers, planing mills and lathes, glue-pots and chisels, planes and screw-drivers, sand-paper and polishing iron,—all imply men, women and children in first contact whose vitality lies in skilled hands, trained eyes, delicate touch, steady nerves, aye, moral integrity and sacred loyalty to law,—all are implied in this organ which the connoisseur will call "small." I said it is "medium size," but it stretches our minds to comprehend it; it expands our hearts to take it in; it is large enough to reach from the depths where lie the fountain of tears up to the heights where the joys and enthusiasms of life break forth.

So much for the organ as it is now. If it takes a Walt Whitman to sing the Song of the Organ in the present tense, who will sing for us the Song of the Organ in the past tense? What John Fiske will tell in vivid sentences the story of the evolution of the organ? George Eliot made great poetry out of the Legend of Jubal; him who, according to the English version, was "the father of such as handle the harp and organ." But the King James translators knew not the meaning of the Hebrew terms; perhaps nobody knows yet what they meant. The German translators called him "the father of the fiddlers and pipers." One thing is quite sure,—that the oldest of musical instruments is the pipe. Pan among his reeds is as conspicuous a figure in science as he is in mythology and poetry. When the savage wanted to make a noise he stretched his rawhide over the end of a rude vessel and he had a drum, but when he wanted to awaken sweet tones that would bear his love messages and quiet the boisterous group around the bivouac fire he blew upon his reeds. The organ in all its complications is simply a multiplication of these reeds. The pipes that grew in the marshes have perhaps never been improved in quality of tone,—they have only been multiplied, strengthened, diversified. Our organ here is simply an aggregation of 1,158 individual and separate pipes, each one committed to its own tone and scale, standing alone, taking its own breath and interpreting it in its own way.

All the struggle of the ages for a perfect organ has been simply to harmonize, unify and combine these individual pipes. It has been a struggle to socialize the notis; and what a struggle this has been! How quaint, beautiful, and moving is the story of man's effort to overcome the individualism of the pipe and compel it, so to speak, to drive in harness, to take its place in the ranks, to move in battalions and to subordinate and co-ordinate its life with those of its fellows.

The first problem of the organ-maker was how to get wind enough. Pan, even though a god, could not furnish breath enough from his own lips to give organ music.

Otsibius, the son of an Alexandrian barber, 250 B. C., is accredited with having first discovered a means of blowing pipes by water power, and the mechanism was so ingenious that it was consecrated in the Temple of Venus. The old Greeks called it "Hydraulos." Archimides, his great contemporary, improved the instrument, but the connection seems to have been broken; the devastating hand of war, so destructive to the arts, broke the line of continuity, so that the modern organ seems to have had to begin its life all over again.

The Emperor Julian is credited with an epigram intended to encourage the art of music, for the purpose of which he established schools. He said:

> "I see reeds of another species, the growth of another and brazen soil; such as are not agitated by our winds, but by a blast that rushes from a leathern cavern beneath their roots; while a robust mortal, running with swift fingers over the concordant rulers of the pipes makes them, as they smoothly dance, emit melodious sounds."

A historian of the times complains that "Libraries were built as if in tombs. Art occupied its talents in constructing gigantic instruments, such as hydraulic organs, lyres as big as carts, auloy and other theatrical instruments of unusual size."

By the thirteenth century the organ seems to have taken a solid place in cathedral life. The early organ builders were monks and there are quaint illustrations published to indicate the difficulties they tried to overcome. An old wood cut still preserved in Cambridge, England, shows a mediæval instrument with four men working violently at the levers and two players vehemently demanding more wind. In the ninth century Winchester Cathedral in England had an organ with 400 pipes, requiring two organists to play it. These early organs had keys six inches wide and were played with the clenched fist and elbows. The organist was significantly called *Pulsator Organarum*—"the striker of the organ." A large number of lusty men were necessary to keep these machines furnished with wind. Something like the modern keyboard seems to have come in about the fifteenth century. In 1407, in Ely Cathedral, we find items of expense as follows: "4 white horse hides for four parts of bellows, 7 shillings 8 pence; carpenter 8 days making the bellows, 2s. 8d." In 1399 Yorkshire paid 40s. 8d. for constructing two pairs of bellows; twenty years later, 12d. for furnishing ribs for the same. Thirty-eight years later a new pair of bellows was required. Ten years afterwards they had two new pairs added.

Germany seems to have been foremost in developing the organ. At the close of the 16th century an organ pipe at Ulm was reported as being big enough to contain three hundred and fifteen measures of wine, and it required seventy cowhides to repair the twenty bellows connected with the Danzig organ of 1585.

The development of the organ brought upon it the usual penalty of development. Its popularity aroused the opposition of the strenuous pietists. Ambrose, in the 5th century, objected to the use of wind instruments in the church because they had been used in Pagan rites. He drew the line at stringed instruments. Pope Theodore II. is said to have banished these things from his palace. This opposition broke out again with terrible vehemence during the Reformation protest. Luther suspected the organ on account of its papistical influence. It might be used on Sunday as an accompaniment to German hymns and the *Te Deum,* but it must not be used in the mass. In 1577 the cathedral organ in Zürich was destroyed, and Mr. Williams in his "Story of the Organ" says: "All sacred song was silenced for seventy years." In 1566 a Protestant mob broke into the great church at Antwerp with concealed weapons, shut the doors after them, and when darkness came, after singing a Genevan psalm, they set out on the work of destruction. Pictures of Madonnas and saints were tumbled down; axes shattered the goodly organ and broke the windows. The Puritans in 1586 appealed to the English Parliament to put down the cathedral churches because they abused the service of God by "piping with organs, singing, ringing, trowling of psalms from one side of the church to the other, with the squeaking of chanting choristers disguised in white surplices."

In reading the account of these pious strikers, one is impressed with a strange, almost humorous familiarity. A strike then was very much what it is now,—a compound of earnestness and bigotry, a mixture of commendable fervor with deplorable passion, high hopes and sordid bitterness, in such perplexing proportions that while it defeats the good it somehow condones a portion of the evil.

But the organ had other dangers than those of bigotry. Love of show, pride, rivalry, seized upon the organ. We come to a time in the history of the organ when the case was more expensive than the organ and more attention was given to ornamentation than to tonation. The gaudy gilt pipes, fantastically stenciled, a symmetrical arrangement being maintained, even if dummy pipes must be introduced just for show, survive even to this day, in witness to the spirit that made the organ minister to the eye to the neglect of the ear. To again quote Mr. Williams in his book on the organ, "Priests with monkey faces, with mouths which opened and shut, with long beard, revolving stars were among the favorite decorations. The case in which the organ of the Magdeburg cathedral was placed at the beginning of the 17th century had forty-two figures, twelve of which moved, and a crowing cock among its embellishments, and the cost of the case exceeded that of the organ.

Another curious arraignment of the elder days could be worked out in the history of the organ. We find provision made for the salary of organ blowers long before we find a similar recognition of the service of organ players. The man who pumps the bellows seems even to this day to be more sure of his salary than the man who works the keys. And both are more sure of recognition and position in the estimation and attention of the hurrying world than he who in solitude and oftentimes in starvation conceived the mechanical triumph and heard the harmonies and combinations that called for the triumph.

The organ is the most spiritual of material things. It so hangs on the border land that one knows not whether it is to be regarded as a physical or a psychical verity. It is the most human of mechanisms because its very life is conditioned upon a breath. The word "spirit" etymologically is allied to the word "wind." It is indeed a spirit instrument. No mechanical contrivance has ever been perfected by which a musical instrument can be tuned. The ultimate appeal is to the human ear. This particular organ is silent today because the other workmen in this growing building would not permit that absolute silence in which alone it is possible to make a speaking organ.

One of the most interesting organ stories in the world is that of the Brattle organ in Boston. According to the February number of the *Craftsman,* the earliest reliable contribution to American organ history is that of the Brattle organ. The old records say: "This was the first organ that ever pealed to the glory of God in this country." Mr. Thomas Brattle, of Boston, he who left his name to Brattle street, in 1713 imported this organ from London, bequeathed the same to the Brattle Street church after his death, providing that "the parish should procure a sober person that could play skillfully thereon with a loud noise within a year." Failing this, the organ was to go to King's Chapel. The Brattle Street church did not find the "loud" player; so it was installed in King's Chapel, and did duty there for forty years, after which it was sold to St. Paul's at Newburyport, where it did duty for eighty years. In 1836 it again gave way to a more ambitious instrument and became the property of St. John's Chapel, where it continued to do service in the Sunday-school up to within a year past, when it was retired literally from old age, having been in service nearly two hundred years.

Thomas Brattle did well in importing the organ, but his good intentions towards the church that has borne his name through all these years was defeated by his failure to add a soul to his bequest and provide for the player, who is always more important than the thing played upon.

And this brings me clumsily to the first important sermon-point in this study of our organ. Curious as these "facts" may be, whether we study our organ or its ancestors, quaint as are the illustrations and fascinating as is the narrative, we are left with a sickly sense of falling short of the first appreciation. Surely the organ is not so interesting as the organ-builder; the pipes ever stand secondary to the pipe-maker and still more so to the pipe-player. The article in the *Craftsman* referred to says that the chief organ builders of America during the 18th and 19th centuries were Germans and Swedes. It mentions five names that would carry no suggestion to any of us were I to name them. Then follow the names of Appleton, McIntyre, Hook, Hastings, Roosevelt, Hutchins, Johnson, and to this list may some day be added the name of young Verney, who banked on the appetite for music west of the Mississippi, who instead of sending organs into Iowa, preferred to go and make organs in Iowa, and who built the first organ used in the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

The largest organ in Europe is said to be at Haarlem, Holland. Next to that is the Salt Lake City organ, built by a Welsh Mormon thirty-five years ago. It has recently been rebuilt by the W. W. Kimball Company, of this city. This organ has more than 5,000 pipes, one hundred and ten stops and five key-boards. The biggest organ the world has known is the St. Louis Exposition organ, but that is already on the move.

But this is simply aggregation, not growth. The essential unit, the pipe, has remained the same and necessarily the same. Any attempt to bring the pipes into material contact with one another or in any way bind them to one another is to confuse the tones; the vibrations of one are imparted to the other; each pipe must remain forever distinct.

If my first sermon lesson is the spirituality, the immateriality, the imponderability of the permanent, the triumph of mind over matter, my second sermon lesson is a sociological one. The musical genius of the ages has been given to the task of transforming melody into harmony, of compelling the individual notes, so to speak, to work together; to coördinate the individual to the larger and higher life of the whole.

Robert Browning teaches the old monkish organ master, Abt Vogler, to speak of his keys as a "minion" ready to build the beautiful building. The keys crowd and press upon him, each bringing its contribution.

"Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.
And now another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight."

O that we may catch the subtle sermon of our organ. The individual pipe is not lost, but found in the heart of the organ, glorified by coöperation. Says Abt Vogler again:

"I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."

Thus the very heart secret of the organ enforces the heart of the gospel of the twentieth century. The story of the organ illustrates man's patience in overcoming difficulties, the greatest of which is to bring the individual into the service of the whole without encroaching upon the value of the same individual. This is the problem of religion today; this is the problem of the newest of the sciences—the schools call it "sociology;" the churches call it "applied religion," the kingdom of heaven on earth. It is the problem of combination as opposed to competition; of coöperatin as opposed to rivalry; peace as opposed to war. We are all pipes through which plays the spirit of the Eternal.

Society is a mighty organ as yet poorly coördinated; the pipes are awkwardly arranged; the stops do not work well; some give discordant notes; some strike the lower keys and sound the sub-bass; others pipe the shrill notes of the cicada and fail to move the human heart. Each of these notes taken alone is inadequate, perhaps distressing, and the problem is to combine them, to utilize them, and this is being done.

The power of the organ, its meaning, its very existence is inexplicable until we come to that story which today I have not ventured upon—the story of the Bachs, the Mendelssohns, the Beethovens, the masters who preside at the keys. There are social Beethovens today at work, not to limit but to enlarge the sphere of laborer and employer, of capitalist and workman. Let no one despair of the social organism so long as "union" and "association" are words familiar to our ears. Labor has its unions; capital loves the word "association." Within narrow realms they represent organ tendencies and organ triumphs, but the breath, the spirit, the wind is inadequate. The coupler has not yet been perfected that will make the union and the association stops move together and in harmony. The bellows is inadequate. The laborious method of pumping air by running up and down the bellows has been done away with in the organ loft. Our 1158 pipes will be fed by a blow fan operated by an induction electrical motor making 1,200 revolutions per minute, and it is all done so quietly and silently that we will never know the subtle enginery is performing its miracle just back of this wall. I know not where the power station is; it is probably miles away. We do know that the player that will finger the keys is fifty feet away on the other side of the organ, and still the two-horse power engine as well as the 10,422 perfect valves are completely within the reach of his fingers and submissive to the slightest wish of his mind.

Who will tune for us this social organ? What or who will start the fan to give the wind which is the breath of society, the spirit of the community, so as to make it give forth melody, knit discord into harmony, bring Pentecost on earth, consolation and companionship to those who hate one another, strength to the weak and courage to the strong?

This is the task of the social Abraham Lincoln Centre. These walls of brick, concrete and iron with their many rooms, shelves and benches are but the material pipes and valves which will prove useless, aye, worse than useless because they will be in the way, misleading to those who trust them, misinterpreting the message they were meant to hear, without the spirit, the breath of the Almighty, the intangible but essential and indispensable element in the life of man and the life of society as it is in the life of this organ. May it represent one stop in the grander organ, one manual in the greater combination that makes "undying music in the world."

THE LETTER READ AT THE ORGAN DEDICATION OF THE LINCOLN CENTRE.

Dear Mr. Kent: I must leave tonight to discharge the sad, sweet duty of speaking a memorial word for my oldest friend in the ministry, Henry M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, next Sunday morning. This will necessitate my absence from the Lincoln Centre at a time when it would be very pleasant to meet my people. I must ask you to take my place and say the word of appreciation and gratitude for the beautiful organ that will be dedicated in the afternoon.

I rejoice in the universal testimony that corroborates the witness of my own unreliable ears that it is indeed a beautiful organ, rich in tone and ample in volume. I also rejoice in the fact that its appeal is to the ear and not to the eye. Like all the rest of the Lincoln Centre, it was erected in honesty and arranged for utility, and lo! it is beautiful even to the eye. There was no money wasted on dummy pipes, no straining for effect by artificial symmetry or by stenciling in gold and brilliant colors. It has all gone into tone.

I want you to express for me as well as for the congregation my sense of appreciation of the courtesy and skill displayed by the builders, the Verneys, father and son, and Mr. L. D. Morris, who assisted in the installation, and also my sense of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Morris, who so thoughtfully took all concern for the matter off the mind of the building committee and myself, and who in connection with Mr. Edward Morris and Mr. L. J. Lamson covered all bills. This generosity is the more gratifying in that it came as a gratuitous extra while the other subscription lists were making heavy demands upon them.

Thanking you for this one more time in which you are to act as my convenient double, I am

Cordially yours, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

SOME PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.

Remarks by William Kent at the Organ Dedication.

Mr. Jones could not have chosen a more unfit person, more technically unfit, to speak to you at this dedication, and this for the reason that no one could possibly be more innocent of a musical appreciation.

Perhaps, however, this very ignorance of musical execution may permit an unbiased view of what music is, and what it is not. Music is a solvent of the soul, it breaks down the conventional bounds and barriers. In the sense that it sentimentalizes, that it widens the vista and stimulates the emotions we may well praise it.

But let us never forget that music lends its stimulus as well to the wild dances of death as to the beneficence of peace. There is something painfully pharisaical in the offensive superiority of many music lovers, who talk glibly of the inherently ennobling effect of music.

The great composers must needs have had firm foundations in a knowledge of life, they must have had deep moral inspiration before they could interpret those inspirations and that knowledge through terms of harmonious sound. There are noble exponents of music, many of them, who, like Theodore Thomas, feel their moral mission and are true to it. But to claim that music of itself is ennobling would force the canonization of every virtuoso and every prima donna in the face of the fact that on the average, neither one nor the other seems to possess more virtues than the average listener. Indeed we often find that the musician may so indulge in the sentimental side of life as to pass by the conventions upon which rest morality and responsibility. Musical ecstasy unmixed with a sterner sense of duty may be as debilitating to character as the ecstasy of religious enthusiasm.

Music brings joy, and even the sadness of the dirge is a deepening of human emotion and therefore an extension of life. But music cannot bring out of the soul what is not already there, any more than can hypnosis nor the delirium of fever. One of its noblest functions is to make the soul receptive. That fife and drum, that bugle and bag pipe inspire to war is no fault of music, but shows the impartiality of its ministry to love and to hatred.

Thus in many ways we find that music is immoral *per se,* but in another sense, in the very spirit and the meaning of this Centre, it is profoundly moral. For as music breaks down the barriers of the individual soul it puts that soul in touch with its neighbor and mightily ministers to equality, and to democracy. Again music is a wondrous social force. Even in the skirl of the bagpipes "savage and shrill," the incitement is always to doing deeds *together,* bare knees move on in unison always with a sense of comradeship. The lone whistler is peopling his solitude, and ever masses of men approach to an understanding of each other in this soul solvent; thus in the long run music is the agent of peace. The man to whose name we here do honor could not escape from the recognition of music as the agent of human harmony, as witness the closing lines of his first inaugural:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. The passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of our affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the union when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our natures."

As a member of the congregation and as a non-resident resident of Lincoln Centre, I wish to add my word to that of Mr. Jones, and speaking in behalf of all of us wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Ira Morris and those who helped them to put this great interpreting force, this breath of life into this building. I can also speak with a depth of personal gratitude that modestly and unsolicited this great beneficence was installed without adding to the burden of the treasurer or the building committee. Through the long vistas of many years may this instrument open the hearts of many people to the inspirations of peace and democracy.

Courage! Courage! Build on! build always! It is only thus that we can erect and secure the great edifice of a faith. Know you not that it is the very condition of all great structures, that the sound of the hammer, and the clink of the trowel, should always be heard in some part of the building.
—*William Smith.*

Facing the Future.

We believe that it was President Tucker of Dartmouth who called the new sort of church "institutional." It would be just as well if this term could be changed to the living church. The purpose seems to be to supplant the old-time institution, which was closed six days out of seven, with a home for the people, having its doors open every day of the week and all the day long. With this change the intention is to bring about the activity at some point, of every member, constituting for the whole a general ministry for the community. The new church is expected to work, not only through the pulpit, but through educational and philanthropic and civic channels. The result is, first of all, a breach with antiquity. The pulpit will no longer be expected to bear the old-time responsibility and burdens, nor to sway the same authority. One of the leaders tells us that what he wants is to make his church "a people's college." "Our schools teach the three R's; but who teaches the practical things of life, the laws of pure living, of good books, of nature, and of courteous manners? This church will open schools of sewing or industry, classes in drawing, design, music, language, talks on literature and science, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, meeting weekly in religious, social, and friendly ways,—the rich and poor coming together,—while through all, like the simple original melody running through varied music, is the thought of loyalty and love to Jesus Christ."

It is quite apparent to sociological students that this constitutes an *approchement* toward the common schools, precisely as the common school is quietly but sturdily moving toward the Church. Our district schools have recently been nearly all absorbed in town schools, planted in large and commodious buildings, with better teachers and fuller equipment. These buildings are used, in most cases, not merely for the instruction of the children, but of adults as well. They are the home of lectures, entertainments, sloyd schools, art schools, concerts, and whatever else pertains to the general instruction of the public. Those who are best acquainted with the subject, hint that the end will be that these well-equipped town school buildings will be our future churches; that by and by we shall find our country churches and village churches renewing their life in association with the school.

The problem is somewhat different in our larger cities, nor is the outlook so clear. Still the enlarging of the scope of the Church puts it into closer relations

with the living issues of the day. Perhaps one of the most tentative and possibly hopeful attempts to solve the city problem has been made by All Souls Church of Chicago. Many of us have known the independence with which Jenkin Lloyd Jones has cut some of the smaller Gordian knots, but recently the Congress of Religion was summoned to assist in the dedication of "Abraham Lincoln Centre." We doubt if any of the participants in this dedication comprehended just what they were invited to do. Notwithstanding the unique title, this centre is nothing more nor less than the church, frankly recognizing its new frontage. It implies a union of civic, educational and religious efforts. The building is to all appearances a five-story business block. The upper story is devoted to club rooms, etc., which are rented to secure at least in part, the running expenses of the lower floors. These floors are divided into rooms for what we have learned to call "institutional" purposes, including a large auditorium and other rooms for study and worship. The building was dedicated to "the religion of righteousness, the religion of love, and the religion of worship." The minister expressed the purpose of the organization to allow no man to be a stranger, dedicating the building "to the defenders of the nation's righteousness, to the prophet-souls of all ages, and to him who died on a cross in love to God and love to man." The people responded, "We dedicate it to the sanctity of home ties, to the honoring of our country, to an ever-growing Christianity, and to the cause of universal religion." The dedication was participated in by President Jordan of Leland Stanford University, Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago, Rev. Dr. Thomas and others of the Congress of Religion, his Honor, Mayor Dunne, by Judge Tuley, by Jane Addams of Hull House, and by several of the professors of Chicago University. Spireless as a building and unconventional as a church, there is a distinct effort to face the future rather than the past.

These movements are gradually multiplying, with modifications, in all our larger cities. The People's Palace, or Tabernacle Church, of Jersey City is probably best known of all. The activities of this church include a library, reading room, assembly hall, with debating societies, extension lectures, Chautauqua circles, gymnasium, swimming tank, hot and cold water baths, amusement rooms, outside grounds for tennis and other games, a day nursery, kindergarten, with classes in sewing, cooking, housekeeping, dressmaking, typesetting, drawing, singing, and whatever else may be made peculiarly valuable in elevating the people. Mr. Scudder, the pastor, says of it, "The People's Palace is a philanthropic movement, to pour sunshine into the hearts of thousands who are doomed to lives of poverty and toil, by providing them with a cheerful and many-sided place of resort, where culture and entertainment can be obtained at nominal rates, and where the people may find refuge from the saloon and kindred haunts of vice." Another has said, "It is an effort to bring the Church into sympathy with the humanitarian movements of our day, constituting a new interpretation of religious life." It is at least a movement likely to have immense power, not so much in building up churches, as in organizing the people for ethical, intellectual, physical, and religious welfare. Is there any good reason why all of our churches shall not become modernized along lines, not identical necessarily, but practically harmonious with those we have discussed?—*E. P. Powell in Christian Register for June 15, 1905.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

"Where Dwells the Soul Serene" is a very readable book of essays, mystical in philosophy and atmosphere. There is no decided originality about them; they are, in fact, extremely reminiscent of the Transcendentalists, especially of Emerson, echoes from whom float through nearly every page:

"There is in man a higher Self, which partakes of Divinity and transcends the illusions of sense. . . . That which differentiates me from my neighbor is not real but seeming and shall endure only so long as my imperfect sight shall endure. . . . The language of the Soul is the same for all times and all men."

Such volumes have their value, doubtless, not as fresh contributions to thought, but as popular mediums for the transmission of the ideas of their originals.

"The Master Word" is a story of southern life in the phosphate region of Tennessee. It is a problem novel, centering about those children of mixed blood whose being is their father's crime, who are aliens by necessity from their father's race and spiritual aliens from the race of their mother. Viry, the illegitimate child of Philip Lawton, has been educated by Mrs. Lawton in atonement for her husband's sin. The girl, almost white, but slightly tainted with negro blood, resents the fate which compels her to teach negro children and live among negroes.

"She was shut up to a life-long association with unkempt negro children. She might have borne that, she felt, if it had come to her of her own free choice. She had been quick to see and appreciate the unselfish devotion which had moved her white teachers to spend themselves for an alien and inferior race. She could have done that, too. But to her, she thought bitterly, even the comfort of sacrifice was denied. She was to spend herself, not because of a higher nature freely bent to the burdens and ignorance of a lower one, but because, being a negro, she belonged with negroes, and earned her bread among her kind as a matter of course. And yet she was white, she was white!"

Yet finally she is led to accept the higher view which Mrs. Lawton thus phrases:

"The race must be kept pure. It has its work to do—the best work yet done by any race on earth; and those who are sprung from it and yet are tainted with something lower—for the world's sake they must stand aside and suffer. But suffering so for a sin that is not their own, they may yet suffer nobly, and be sure that through their sufferings, their loneliness, their separation from the life they long to share, they are doing their own high part in helping to work out the world's best good."

The book gives a clear picture of the political conditions existing in the South, the shameless control of the ignorant negro vote by corrupt white demagogues, forcing the respectable southerners to stringent and forcible measures in self-protection. The novel is a vital and earnest presentation of very real Southern problems. As a story it follows conventional lines and is not remarkable, though throughout there is keen emotion and strong passion vitalizing the ethical purpose. The motif of the book, from which it takes its name, lies in this sentence: "Law, justice, love, Love is the Law above the law, the Master-Word of all."

R. P. D.

A belated Easter sermon has reached us for review—"Jesus and His Brethren,"* a Sunday lecture before Congregation Rodeph Shalom, Pittsburg, Pa., by Rabbi J. Leonard Levy, D. D. The sermon is so broad and reasonable in its outlook, so keen in its appreciation, and so significant of the growing unity of spirit that is gradually making of one kindred the free-souled of every race and name, that we wish we had space

*Sunday Lectures by Rabbi J. Leonard Levy. Five cents each. Charles H. Joseph, 619 Bijou Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

to give it entire. But a few extracts must content us:

"The prejudice of my people against using the name of Jesus finds valid historic support in the past. The Easter bells, which rang out the announcement of the resurrection of Jesus, only too often sounded the death-knell of the Jews. . . . But as for us, who live in a free land and an age of enlightenment, such prejudices should find no judgment in our minds or hearts. The time has come when we, with our broader outlook, should view this matter aright. We must be prepared to proclaim Jesus as our brother before all the world. We must acknowledge him as one of the great spiritual leaders of Israel. We must place him where he belongs as a member of the synagogue which, as a Jew, he never rejected and which as a Jewish institution never rejected him. We must make it clear that it is not to the young Jew, Jesus, to whom we take exception, but to the inhuman brutality displayed by his followers in other lands and times, to the claims which theologians have made for him which, could he now speak, he would be the first to deny, and to the title "Christ" which means the Messiah promised by the Old Testament, and which, in this sense, cannot justly be applied to him. . . . The time has gone by when ancient prejudices, however naturally produced, should sway us. We must discuss the question associated with the name of Jesus, not that we are likely to accept him as God incarnate or as one of the persons of a triune God, but in order that our children shall not believe that we consider ourselves the rejected and accursed of God; in order that we may lodge our protest against myths which pass current for truths. We can say to the world that we cheerfully respect and honor our brother, the Jewish teacher of Nazareth, as one of the glorious lights shed upon the darkened world by the very persecuted and denied Jewish people. I believe that such an attitude may tend to influence vast numbers in their endeavor to find a rational religion. . . . About a hundred years ago Christians throughout the world were still almost unanimous in their belief that Jesus was God in human form. A modification of this belief occurred when men like Channing taught that Jesus was human, but a little more than mere man. When, however, that brave moral leader, Theodore Parker, came he taught that Jesus was not a supernatural man, but a real man, and he taught this to the plain people, just as Emerson had done to the rising scholars of his day. The steps are progressive from Jesus the God to Jesus the supernatural man; from Jesus the supernatural man to Jesus the man. It is my duty as a Rabbi and yours as a Jewish congregation to announce that one further step must be taken, that one more link must be added to the evolutionary chain, which then becomes complete, the link being: Jesus a God, Jesus a supernatural man, Jesus a natural man, *Jesus a Jew*. . . . When the world will be illumined with regard to Jewish life and thought and writings of the period just anterior to the days of Jesus, it will be found that he was essentially the child of his times,—noble, devoted, godly, an inspiring example to humanity. But the words of Jesus expressed no truths not previously announced by the great prophets of Israel and by the teachers and leaders of the Jewish people. Hillel and Gamaliel were his predecessors and they taught before his days a religion broad and universal, as indeed the prophets had done long before their day, and it is especially worthy of note that no such outrageous doctrine as eternal damnation was admitted as one of their dogmas. Long before the words of Jesus were known to the outer world Judaism was a religion whose principles were world-encompassing. . . . The longer I live the more clearly I see that the crucifiers of Jesus did not live in Palestine ages ago; they live in modern cities. They say 'Lord, Lord!' but they deny him by their daily experience, they crucify him by refusing to act as he would have his followers act. The supposed resurrection of this master in Israel is said to have occurred more than eighteen centuries ago; in the meantime, he has been buried beneath prejudices, creeds, dogmas, miracles and superstitions. His true resurrection will take place whenever the world recognizes the truth concerning him, when Jew and non-Jew will acknowledge that Jesus was a Jew, a great teacher in Israel, a leader of men, a spiritual guide worthy of respect and imitation at the hands of all who admire self-sacrifice and appreciate the efforts of the martyrs who served their fellow-men wisely and well."

More and more there must be an approximation between the Jewish and the Christian conceptions of the character and place of Jesus; on the one hand, a realization by the Jew that Jesus by his character and influence belongs among the world-leaders; on the other hand, not only a withdrawal from the orthodox Christian position, but also a gradual normalization of the abnormal emphasis upon Jesus as *the* peculiar Leader, a position which does not possess the consistency of the orthodox position and clearly lays us open to their criticism, and which vitiates the spirit of that broadest freedom and universality which, at once, recognizes no *lords* or *masters* and yet gladly renders reverence and love to the Christs of humanity, finding them in other lands than Judea alone, and in the *Now* as well as the *Then*.

Others of Rabbi Levy's lectures which we have recently received are: "Lyof Tolstoi," "Abraham Lincoln," and "The Gospel of Common Sense." They are all worthy a careful reading. R. P. D.

Among the Exchanges.

The Truth Seeker for July 8, "A Freethought and Agnostic Paper," is in our waste basket. It devotes itself chiefly to accounts, decidedly apocryphal in color, of the crimes and misdemeanors of clergymen and church members, and to cheap ridicule and theatrical denunciations of all things religious. Psychologically, such a paper may be accounted for as the natural reaction from the repressions, insincerities and narrowness of a dogmatic form of credal religion. Unfortunately, upon dogmatic narrowness has to be charged the awful responsibility not only of the dwarfed lives of its adherents, but of the irreverences, the infidelities to their best selves, of the naturally rebellious antagonists whom narrow dogma has bred. But it must all be outgrown, dogma and bitter reaction from dogma, before our lives can be normal and sane. *The Truth Seeker* is but one of the all too common organs which voice wretched attacks upon the spirit of Truth itself. Their bitterness, their vulgarity, their utter repudiation of the sacred reverences of life, jar harshly upon every sensitive nature, and a reaction of the reaction thrusts still farther back the dawn of the true liberalism.

The Philanthropist, "Published Quarterly for the Promotion of Social Purity, the Better Protection of the Young, the Repression of Vice, and the Prevention of its Regulations by the State," is one of the most vital exchanges that come to us this week; for the object to which it is devoted, social purity, underlies the welfare of society, the state, and religion itself. Such a movement is pregnant with mighty significance to the world of the present and the future. "Public sentiment," says *The Philanthropist*, "is against the regulation of the social evil, or an attempt to publicly endorse the great iniquity. The only danger lies in the sentiment of the country being so passive that it is not effective." It is to render this latent sentiment active, that on the 17th, 18th and 19th of October of this year, the Purity Conference will gather at LaCrosse, a preliminary, it is hoped, of a large Purity Congress not later than 1907. "Every reform," reads an editorial in *The Philanthropist*, "touches the question of purity at some point. Therefore every reformer should feel an interest in the proposed Congress, and do yeoman service in making it a success. The members of all religious denominations should assist, because the religion that is divorced from morality availeth nothing." Purity workers, teachers, parents, political reformers, labor leaders, are all included in the appeal. *The Philanthropist* is published quarterly at 400 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, and includes on its publication committee: Dr. O. Edward Janney, Anna Rice Powell, Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer and Henry W. Wilbur.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of May 7 has a significant article by Rev. John Reid Shannon

entitled, "Whittier's Views of God and the Future Life:"

"Through his poetry he has entered into the sacred experiences of countless human souls. He plays upon the heart strings of humanity. He sings of great faith in God, in mankind, in the future. Whittier is a seer. He catches the finer voice with which God's spirit whispers to the dull ear of the world. He puts that voice into words interpreting it to the people. As a man standing upon a lofty mountain summit sees what those on the plain cannot see, even so is it with Whittier. He has brain and heart and soul to see great visions. He tells the visions and inspires faith in others. *As a seer, he is worthy to stand with the glorious Hebrew Bards.*"

The italics are ours. The words they emphasize seem to us weighted with suggestion, unconscious suggestion, of course, of the gradual unrimming of the world's Bible, and the natural simple way of regarding the singers and seers of old, as one in their inspiration with the singers and seers of to-day. One feels, too, in this Whittier-appreciation, the undercurrent of the changing idea of God:

"Whittier's personal friends, the members of the society to which he belongs, remonstrate with him for his poem on "The Two Angels." The ideas of tenderness and love and compassion set forth in this poem seem to his Orthodox friends inconsistent with the creed which he is supposed to hold. His Quaker friends make a most acrimonious attack upon him on the ground that he is losing his faith, that he is teaching dangerous doctrine. The poet replies to this attack by writing his poem entitled "The Eternal Goodness." In this poem he rebels against the Calvinistic conception of God and God's dealing with men as held by the Quakers. To them he says in substance: "God cannot be such a being as you think he is. God cannot so treat his children. I care not what your proofs may be, it cannot be so."

"Oh friends, with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love to man I bear.

"I trace your lines of argument,
Your logic linked and strong.
I weigh as one who dreads dissent
And fears a doubt as wrong.

"But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds.
Against the words you bid me speak
My heart within me bleeds!"

"A song of sweeter trust than Whittier's 'Eternal Goodness' has never been sung. It is a magnificent cathedral-like poem. In it the poet puts his higher moral ideals of the love and tenderness of the All-Father." In another article of the

In another article of the same issue, entitled, "Divine Motherliness," one finds the same general spirit.

R. P. D.

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society. How strange that all
The terorrs, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself.

William Wordsworth, from The Prelude.

The great whole shapes itself by its own laws. Yet we must each of us be shaping. Well, that too is one of its laws, it thus in part forms itself.

"I cannot mould these light and fleecy clouds into any shape blow as I will," cries a young child of Aeolus; "they shift and change at every instant." "Blow on! blow always!" cries the elder god. "It is you who mould them nevertheless—such moulding as they take. Child of Aeolus, blow on!"

—William Smith, "Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions."

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—A baby's hand is a very tiny thing, but no prophet's or apostle's is more potent to point the way to our Heavenly Father.

MON.—From the rudest and most primitive shelter to the perfectly appointed house, every habitation reveals the soul of its inhabitant.

TUES.—How different is the school of life from all other schools, and how its teachings penetrate!

WED.—Authority consists in giving by one's attitude, his bearing, all that he does and says, an impression of reality, of verity, of uprightness, in a word, making manifest through his conduct the very laws of life.

THURS.—Without method the most charming acquirements, like the best sustained notes, bring forth only confusion.

FRI.—Good humor is a humor; it is a victory gained over brutal facts and over our own hearts; it transforms the world.

SAT.—To get out from our homes and come in contact with other families and other destinies, widens our view, gives us access to a common fund of moral resources, inspires us and gives inspiration to others.

From By the Fireside, by Charles Wagner.

A Scientific Gran'pa.

"See, grandpap, my flower," she cried:
"I found it in the grasses,"
And with a kindly smile, the sage
Surveyed it through his glasses.

"Ah, yes," he said, "involucrate,
And all the florets ligulate.
Corolla gamopetalous—
Compositae—exagenous—
A pretty specimen it is,
Tarasacum dens-leonis."

She took the blossom back again,
His face her wistful eye on.
"I thought," she said, with quivering lip,
"It was a dandelion!"

—Margaret Johnson in Fellowship.

A Wise Dog Will Observe These Laws.

I. Be kindly toward all, giving love to but few and full love to One. Do not love often; for much loving lessens the fulness of love and puts treachery into your heart.

II. Greet all friends with the eyelight of gentleness and smiles and a "greeting wag" if you feel inclined, and so make the day sunny-warm.

III. Do not bear about with you the rigid tail of suspicion, or the back bristles upward, thereby opening many hearts to hatred and misunderstanding.

IV. Make friends—for the more you have the greater will be your power and the happier your days; but do not slobber in the making of them, for a loud mouth accomplishes nothing.

V. When in a strange country be ever alert, using your gathered wisdom in all snooping; but do not go into dark holes, where often lurk green-eyed cats or other things to hurt you.

VI. Go about your business with modesty and dignity, but with an erect tail and a sure purpose of doing it well.

VII. Keep your nose out of the track of a row. Never sniff to find a fight, but pass around the place. Nothing is ever gained in a looked-for row.

VIII. Fight but seldom in all of a lifetime, but when you do, let it be for defense or justice. Do it well, saving your forelegs and your honor.

IX. Eat enough to keep you well and get some extra good things if you can, but carefully avoid gorging.

X. Seize all the joy you can that robs no other; for happiness is a South wind for the Heart's health.

ANON.

Summer Reading For Children.

In selecting books to read aloud to children it is well to choose those which they cannot easily read to themselves. There is no more socializing and educating influence in the home than the reading aloud of good books. For an adult to read juvenile literature aloud is a waste of time when the same social effect can be gained with far greater educative value in reading the classic tales of the world. Scott, Dickens, even Shakespeare may be enjoyed by children ten years old and sometimes younger when read aloud in the family circle.

In vacation days of summer when every one wishes to be out of doors as much as possible let us take with us to the country or read at home to foster our observation of things in the parlor or back yards, a number of what are now called "Nature Books."

Mabel Osgood Wright has written in an interesting way two books that would increase any one's appreciation of the birds and animals. They are "Citizen Bird" and "Four-footed Americans." Mrs. Bailey's "Birds of Western North America" is one of the best guides to identifying the birds. Indeed there are so many books written in a popular manner but with scientific truthfulness on all sorts of out-of-door things that it is difficult to choose among them. Mrs. Dana's ever popular "How to Know the Wild Flowers" is a good companion in the woods and fields. In stories that seem especially to fit in with out-of-door life there are none better than the time-honored "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson," and to these we would add Howard Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood."

Howard Pyle's tales are all written with a great deal of dialogue and picturesque though simple descriptions, which make dramatic presentations of scenes from them very alluring. The illustrations are of the greatest help in costuming the youthful players. His "King Arthur and His Knights" is one of the most charming books of these valorous tales—they cannot be told too often. (Let me suggest that muff boxes with tinfoil dragons fastened in front are most effective helmets for a young knight's costume—or a bright tin saucepan with the dragon fastened to the bent back handle is also satisfactory.)

While we are thinking of these chivalrous tales let me suggest three books of Walter Scott's which have been received with the greatest delight by at least one family of young children that I know of. They are "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman" and "Guy Mannering." As Robin Hood comes into the story of "Ivanhoe" it is a good thing to read them consecutively and to sprinkle in with the two books a number of the old ballads of the time. Scott's poems—"The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" are all delightful to children as well as to adults. There is one author that "can't be beat" for reading aloud—for in incident, in picture-making power, in humor, in pathos, what tales can equal those of Dickens?

"Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist" are two of the most satisfactory.

The Leatherstocking tales have a charm in spite of Cooper's love of long Latin derivatives. These are only a few suggestions of books appropriate to the season, and the sins of omission are many. E. T. K.

I wish I was an oriole,
Sitting on top of a telegraph pole;
Of all the cherries I'd have my pick,
And I'd never study arithmetic.

E. S. W.—*Ten Years Old.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE HINDU APOSTLE TO THE CHRISTIANS.—At the very time that the congregation of All Souls and its friends were joyfully preparing for the dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, there passed away in distant India, after a long and wasting illness, that gentle oriental friend, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, whom some of us heard for the first time on the platform of All Souls in 1893. *New India* of June 3 contains an extended appreciation of his life and character, which reads, in part, as follows:

Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, who passed away on Saturday last at the fairly ripe age of sixty-five, was the last of a mighty and noble generation of the makers of modern Bengal. Foremost among these stands, by common consent, the great Brahmo leader, Keshub Chunder Sen; and though Protap Chunder Mozoomdar came to prominence mainly as the lieutenant of that great religious and social reformer, his own native endowments were of so superior an order that had they not been almost completely overshadowed by the far mightier mind and character of his great friend and leader—especially in the earlier and formative period of his life—he would himself, perhaps, have taken a much higher place in the public life of this country than what he actually held.

Indeed, Keshub Chunder Sen both made and marred Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. The inherent gentleness of his nature, his fine spiritual instincts, and his finer emotional susceptibilities, which, in their peculiar composition, constituted at once both the greatest charm and the greatest weakness of his character, unfitted him, it seems, for independent initiative or sturdy leadership; and as long as Keshub Chunder Sen lived, Protap Chunder clung to him almost as an ivy clings to the oak, around which it entwines its soft arms, and holding on to which it rises to higher and higher heights. An intellect like Protap Chunder Mozoomdar's could not, however, be expected uniformly to give unquestioning or unreasoning assent to all the ideas, the opinions, the masterful activities and the highly imaginative forms and formularies, which verged sometimes even upon the grotesque and the ridiculous, of his great leader; and instances are not altogether unknown of occasional protests that he raised against them. But the essentially feminine spirit of Mozoomdar invariably turned back, bruised and wounded by its own efforts at freedom, to the silent bosom of his friend and master, and like all unsuccessful revolts, these ethical and spiritual revolts of Protap Chunder Mozoomdar also worked only to weaken and emasculate his inner nature the more. This native disparity and inherent conflict between Mozoomdar's intellect and culture on the one side and his soft emotional nature and pliant will on the other, constituted the great tragedy of his life, and prevented the full fruition of his splendid gifts.

It is difficult to form any accurate estimate of the exact contributions of Protap Chunder Mozoomdar to the living thoughts and ideals of his country. His entire labors among us were in connection with the Brahmo Samaj, and however painful the statement may be, it is essentially true that the contributions of the Brahmo Samaj to the progressive thought and life of India ceased, practically, with the death of Keshub Chunder Sen. The immense influence of that great Brahmo

preacher over his contemporaries was partly due, no doubt, to his magnetic personality, partly also to his divinely inspiring eloquence, but the real psychological secret of it was the fact that Keshub summed up and represented in himself the highest thought and culture of his time and the noblest aspirations and ideals of his people. His impassioned appeals, therefore, had an intense reality to his countrymen, and evoked, consequently, a ready response in them.

The Brahmo Samaj, however, stands practically stranded today on the shallows and sand banks of the growing and expanding thought-currents of the country. The situation in India, whether intellectually, socially or politically, has changed to a great extent since the days of Keshub Chunder Sen, and no Brahmo preacher, neither Mozoomdar nor any one else, has been able to keep abreast of the mighty currents of our present national life; and the very men who had, at one time, heroically broken through the sanctified traditions of thousands of years, and thus had given promise of a larger, a freer and a fuller life in every department of our national activities, are engaged now in forging new fetters for themselves out of their uncritical intuitions and their immature personal experiences of a few decades; and have been developing the creedless creed of a new church that, like the credal systems of the old world, offers the old mediæval salvation over again to a new and modern humanity.

In the highest period of the history of the Brahmo Samaj, during the lifetime of Keshub Chunder Sen, Protap Chunder had, really, no independent living influence in the community and hardly any independent field of activity for himself in this country. Had he been permitted really to succeed Keshub Chunder Sen in the leadership of this great movement, his gifts and culture, helped by his position as the recognized head of a body that had the noble traditions of Ram Mohun, Debendranath and Keshub Chunder behind it, and that had not as yet lost its hold on the public mind—might possibly enable him to relate it once more to the mighty time-spirit, and thus maintain its old position as one of the most powerful instruments for the liberation of thought and life in modern India. But Keshub had the common weakness of many great men; he was always suspicious of his gifted lieutenant, and by means of subtle hints and innuendoes, of which he was a past master, he had entirely undermined the affections and confidence of his following in the one man who could rightly succeed him; and thus inflicted an injury on his own church from the fatal effects of which it can hardly expect ever to recover.

When Keshub Chunder Sen died Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, therefore, found himself a leader of the Brahmo Samaj recognized by the outside world, both in India, England and America, but rejected, practically, at home, by his own people. Had his personality been as powerful as his gifts were undoubtedly large he might have made of himself a mighty intellectual and moral force in the community, in spite of the obscure opposition of his own brotherhood. But the native femininity of his nature stood in his way, and for the last twenty years and more he nursed a disappointed spirit and a desolate heart, seeking consolation, and finding it, too, in an abundant measure—in the love and devotion of an ideal Hindu wife here below, and in the unutterable joys and peace of fervent communion with his Heavenly Father above.

But though Mozoomdar's contributions to the religious thought and life of his own people were neither very conspicuous nor have been very fruitful, his service to the cause of religion in one age cannot be said to have been either impotent or obscure. And one must go to England and America to realize what he has done to liberalize and spiritualize religious thought and ideal in the advanced churches and communions on both sides of the Atlantic, and naturally enough, far more in open-minded America than in conservative and hide-bound England. . . .

He had from his early life fed his soul largely, if not exclusively, upon the devotional literature of the Christian churches, and had grown, mainly, through Christian influences, though he illumined these all by the profound spirituality and the rapturous emotions of his inherited Hindu nature. The personality of Christ had a peculiar significance to him; but the universal and idealistic elements of his own inherited race consciousness, universalized and spiritualized the character and personality of Christ, making them an altogether new and living symbol of the spiritual life and culture of our age.

Mozoomdar's utterances on Christ and Christianity partook of an essentially mystic character, and were never endorsed by the large majority of members of his own denomination. They gave repeated offence to them and that his friends had just cause for complaint, in regard to them, cannot be fairly denied. But in justice to Mozoomdar it must also be admitted that his inner convictions and opinions regarding Christ and Christianity had not always been correctly understood or faithfully represented by his critics. It was admittedly a great misfortune of the late Keshub Chunder Sen that he could not help using symbols and imageries in his public utterances, which lent themselves readily, and not without justification, to misunderstanding. The same misfortune dogged the ways of Mozoomdar's utterances also, especially those on Christ and Christianity. Mr. Mozoomdar was essentially a poet. He was, by common consent, the most exquisite word-painter we had in India; it is doubtful whether he had, in this respect, many equals even among Englishmen and Americans. And like most poets and word-painters, Mozoomdar oftentimes, though most unconsciously, sacrificed precision of thought and accuracy of expression to the music of words. This is observed in most of his publications. It is a glaring characteristic of all his speeches. This came out prominently whenever he spoke on Christ, whom he characterized as the Universal Humanity, as the Son of God, as the Incarnation of the Humanity of God—expressions which could have, rationally, an idealistic interpretation only—and in the same breath applied these epithets in a loose and easy way to the historic Christ.

But though his method of expression and exposition was calculated to create confusion in the minds of his own countrymen, they had a power over and a meaning to Christian people brought up in Christian traditions, whose spiritual life had grown for centuries and centuries around the Christ-symbol—which it is difficult for us to realize. In Christendom, it is difficult, if not altogether impossible to separate the ideal and the spiritual Christ—the Universal Humanity, as Mr. Mozoomdar used to call it—fully from the historical symbol through which it has grown in Christian consciousness and Christian experience. This separation can be safely effected by highly cultured and profoundly spiritual minds alone. To attempt it with the masses is to cut the very roots of their religious life. Here the symbol must be kept, though its meaning and significance must deepen and widen. This is really what Mozoomdar has been seeking to do, all through his life, ever since his first visit to America and the publication of his "Oriental Christ." This is the secret of his wonderful influence in liberal Christian circles, especially in America, where not only among Unitarians, but among Methodists, and Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and even Episcopalians, he was held in high esteem, and his writings are read as helps to spiritual exercise. Indeed, we cannot here in India form any just estimate of the excellent service that Mozoomdar has done to religion in our times; we have to visit the advanced wings of the Christian churches, especially in America, to see the full fruition of his labors.

Indeed, as the Christian church of the first century found in Paul a capable apostle to the Gentiles, so it may well be said that the Brahmo Samaj, the Reformed Hindu Church of the nineteenth and the twentieth century, found in Mozoomdar a most capable and worthy apostle to the Christians. * * *

Though people naturally resented when he sought to impose upon them his peculiar personal ideals, and methods, and universal truths, and disciplines, they cannot refuse to recognize the services that he has rendered to modern religion in the Christian countries, by his Oriental Christ, his Heart-Beats, and his Spirit of God. And when our strifes and confusions have ceased, and history, isolating herself from the noisy present, strives to form an estimate of the work of the Brahmo leaders, she will, we feel sure, name Protap Chunder Mozoomdar as the Hindu apostle to the Christians.

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